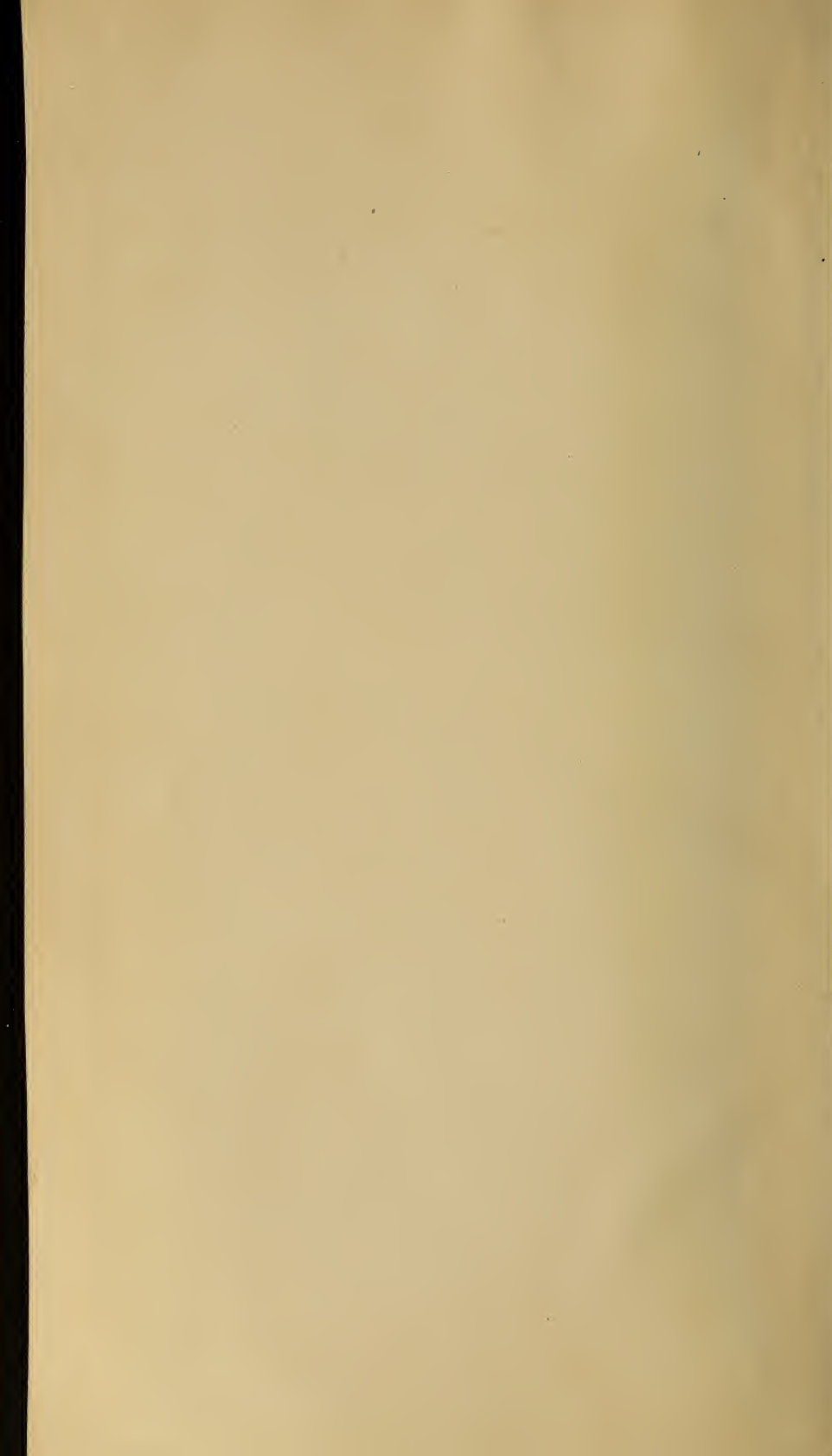


PR

3991

Q3H6





Contents

1. Leaves of Laurel, or ^{New} Probationary
Odes 1813
2. Guy's Bridge Port. by
W. L. Landor. 1st Edition 1808

Both very rare, Landor's especially
so.

1877
LEAVES OF LAUREL;

OR

NEW PROBATIONARY ODES.

Probationary Odes, a collection of
odes by Joseph B. Green, with
introduction on
the subject of probationary
odes.

LEAVES OF LAUREL;
"
OR
NEW PROBATIONARY ODES,
FOR
THE VACANT LAUREATSHIP:

COLLECTED AND EDITED
BY Q. Q. AND W. W.

" Yet once more, Oh ye Laurels!" Milton.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET AND J. PORTER,
PALL-MALL .

1813.

Copy 2.

PR 3991
Q 3 H6

As the Authors of the present Collection of Odes cannot intend to render themselves ridiculous, so neither have the Editors any sinister intention of pointing their ridicule at the said Authors. If, on so serious an occasion, any thing can be considered as laughable, it must be the Laureatship itself; an office which, perhaps, may not reflect much credit on the Donor or the Receiver.

J. 4336

Printed by W. Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-row.

1

1058
16

LEAVES OF LAUREL, &c.

“GOOD night to the Laureat! but since he’s no more,”
Said old Saul,* ’tis but foolish his fate to deplore;

“Perchance *I* may catch the proud cloak he lets fall”—
“Perchance *I* may catch”—said the rhyming-men all,
And re-echoed the sigh that was breath’d by old Saul. }

* Great confusion has arisen in Grub and other streets from the similarity of name in two of the rival candidates for the Laurel. We fear that we shall not lessen the mystery by our delicate mode of printing the appellatives S—y and S—y. Rumour, however, now mentions the younger Ambigu as the favourite. It is added (what the public will be delighted to hear) that the ode is to be abolished; and that another sinecure (which may not be so delightful) is to be added to the list by the Laureatship. What will Mr. Banks say to this? Will he insist on the restoration of the Ode? Phœbus forbid! — The Town would then indeed exclaim with Shenstone—

“My *Banks* will be furnish’d with bees

“Whose music invites you to sleep—” &c.

B

There were C—b—ll, and R—g—s, and wild W—l—r
S—tt,

And B—r—n, and S—th—y, and who was there not?

Each determined his foe *hors de combat* to put,

And to win the one hundred and sweet malmsey butt.

Oh whence this strange fervour?—the surgeons, 'tis said,

Sacrilegiously curious, have cut up the dead;

(As the critics the living)—and *now* ask you why?

“He sets the birds singing who opens the P—e.”

The judge was Grimaldi: in hardier times,

A chamberlain dared to decide upon rhymes,

With the aid of Delpini; *—more modest we're grown,

And the judge of this cause is Grimaldi alone.

At the Wells of Old Sadler, where Islington Spa †

Has ceas'd her scorbutic frequenters to draw,

As at Wells of old Helicon, dwelt the high judge,

And would not one step from his dwelling-place budge.

Therefore C—b—ll, and R—g—s, and wild W—l—r

S—tt,

And B—r—n, and S—th—y, and God knows who not,

* See the “ Probationary Odes.”

† Still called *New Tunbridge Wells*.

In the Pentonville Stages together repair,
To submit their bold verse to the great critic there.

It was noon ; and fierce August remorselessly gave
His cloudless effulgence to wood and to wave ;
On a ship o'er thy water, thou New-River-Head !
Whose poop burnt with gold, sate the censor so dread :
Little boats at its side held the poets so gay,
And each grew impatient to flourish away :
When their umpire declar'd, that he hop'd for the pleasure
Of the "P—s—s of H—e," in one candidate's measure ;
Or, if G—t—e fulfill'd what was promis'd by Hope,
Perchance she might offer more suitable scope,
On a theme so dissolvingly soft and refin'd,
And so worthy that songster's compassionate mind ;
Who shortly, yet sternly, arose at the call,
And thus caught at the mantle the Laureat let fall.

" On thy suburban bank, fair Harrow-weald !
" Although thine airy downs are now enclos'd,
" And tasteless ploughshares furrow up each field,
" Yet once the Laureat's verse-fill'd head repos'd :*

* The Laureat lived at Pinner in Middlesex ; in the neighbourhood of which village is the lately enclosed, and now tenderly lamented, common of Harrow-weald.

“ And, if Hope’s faded pleasures the bosom thus melt,

“ What has Memory more of such pain to be felt ?”

He spoke ; and, with energy chasten’d by taste,
With each word well-applied, and no thought run to
waste,

(Or the bard, in this effort, his lute has disgraced)

Rose R—g—s, and plaintively murmur’d for P—e

A quietus, which made every candidate cry.

“ The fading moon-beams part from Pinner-green,

“ The misty dawn steals mournful o’er the scene ;

“ No human step pervades the dubious gloom,

“ But nature sorrows o’er the Laureat’s tomb.

“ Pale hang the bay-leaves on their drooping stalk,

“ And withering ivy strews his favourite walk.

“ The silent dews their fragrant life exhale,

“ The wakening woodland feels the chilly gale ;

“ The stirring leaves a fancied requiem breathe,

“ And the grass sighs for him who sleeps beneath.

“ Then, in this isle, where patriot bosoms feel

“ Their own embodied in the public weal,

“ Can nerveless age, can glowing youth, deny

“ One tearful tribute to the grave of P—e ?

“ P—e, who each year with new-plum’d praise could sing
 “ The matchless Consort, and the matchless King ?”

[same ;

“ The thought” said Grimaldi, “ the words are the
 “ The poets but differ in measure and name ;
 “ Or, if one be more forceful, his brother’s more chaste,
 “ And the scale, turn’d by genius, is balanc’d by taste.”— }
 —At the word rose a rival, in racing-horse haste—

“ The summer day throws dying fire
 “ From Stanmore’s height, from Harrow’s spire ;*
 “ Fair Headstone’s † lowlands swiftly fade
 “ In gathering mist and closing shade ;
 “ And, Cardinal ! the pensive hour
 “ Sheds sadness on thy ruin’d bower.
 “ Dim flits the bat o’er Harrow-weald,
 “ And owl hoots hoarse in Pinner-field :
 “ ’Tis darker yet, and yet more still,
 “ By watery vale, and wooded hill ;

* The topographical imagination of the poet, here reciting, has actually transported him from the New River Head to a summer-house in the neighbourhood of Stanmore; and he is now depicting the rural objects around him with the utmost accuracy.

† Cardinal Wolsey had a house at Headstone.

“ Like baby hush’d on mother’s breast,
 “ Meek nature droops, and sinks to rest.

“ The moon, half-hid, and half-display’d,
 “ Shows like warm blush of Highland maid ;
 “ But, redder as it gleams through Heaven,
 “ Blushes like sinner unforgiven.
 “ Why sleeps it thus on new-rai’d grave ?
 “ Minstrel ! it sleeps, thy pride to save.

“ Go, ponder o’er that solemn sight,
 “ Go, ponder by the red moon-light,
 “ And read such awful warning right !

“ That grave is emblem of distress
 “ To dreaming child of happiness ;

“ That grave thy wandering step will guide,

“ In winter, or in summer tide ;

“ That grave will bid thee put aside

“ (Aside, proud bard, for ever put !)

“ Both 100*l*. and malmsey butt.

“ Oh ! follow such monition high,

“ And, Minstrel, say not—“ I am P — e !” *

* See a subsequent note, page 18. If the last rumour, there mentioned, be true, the above will be an unconscious self-warning indeed ! There is something touching in this sort of prophecy.

" 'Tis grand," quoth Grimaldi, " 'tis wondrously grand,
 " But it runs, I should think, rather easy in hand ;
 " Yet I know not how boundless that spirit may be,
 " Which can only be great when 'tis perfectly free."

But say who is He that advances so fast,
 He has almost obscur'd the renown of the last ?

" Where is the breath of P — e ? for ever blown
 " O'er the wide welkin, and to nothing turn'd !
 " He, who once made the listening Court his own,
 " His courtly incense now in vain has burn'd.
 " Can all, by saint, sage, sophist, taught or learn'd,*
 " Refill this empty P — e ? — or raise his crust ?
 " Thus perish false and true ; thus, all inurn'd
 " In one sad nothingness, return they must [dust.
 " To dust, from whence they rose, to dull, dark, † dirty,

* Quere "*Deathly Dust*?" Shakspeare has "*dusty death*." Why should not adjectives and substantives change sides and back again, in the Dance of Death ? Note by the Author.

† The poet here seems to have stolen from himself—See C—de H—d—

" Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 " People this lonely tow'r, this tenement refit?"

But, indeed, the whole thought may have been suggested by the well-known epitaph on Eleanor Bachelor—

" Now here she doth lie, and make a dirt pie," &c.

“ Wherefore deride my melancholy rhyme ?
“ Why scoff at sorrow’s scroll ?—for what is man ?
“ A baseless bubble on the tide of time !
“ His fast how long, his feast how short in span,
“ Bairam three days to four weeks Rhamazan ! *
“ Blind beetle, spiteful spider, phantom frail,
“ What are thy ways ? how speeds thy proudest plan ?
“ All that thou fear’st shall hap, thou hop’st shall fail,
“ And Tædium’s self shall tire to tell thy twice-told tale.

“ Where is the Laureat progeny of yore,
“ Yclept illustrious in their little day ?
“ They blazed like wills of wisp, and were no more—
“ Elkanah, Bayes himself, have passed away,
“ Albeit they drank like us this vital ray !
“ We too, eftsoons, shall wear oblivion’s rust,
“ Like those, who, whilome, in close coffin lay—
“ Weak, wandering, worthless man ! say what thy trust ?
“ When dust is all in all, and all in all is dust !”†

* Our Turkish readers will be pleased with this allusion. To others we would observe, that the said fast and feast are of the proportional durations above-mentioned.

† The Author seems to have borrowed (what few have to lend, and fewer still would borrow) an inimitable burlesque upon himself in this passage.

" 'Tis fine !" said the judge ; " but I see not indeed
 " If the poet is dust, how his verse should succeed ?
 " But let this one promise his energy raise—
 " Time shall honour the dust which inherits his praise."
 —" Why, bless me ! who's here ?" cried the judge in
 alarm,
 " I see the peer-poet whom B—lt—n could charm !
 " And though many a rival so fierce intervenes,
 " I acknowledge the bard who frequented the scenes."

But just as that bard was beginning to sing
 Of Elizabeth's glories on Sydney's high string ;
 And just as he breath'd each majestical word [lord ;"]*
 To some " great," or some " good," or some " wonderful
 Burst forth a wild measure, whose vigour might warp
 Even England to listen to Erin's high harp ;
 If Erin's high harp has not here lost its tone,
 And its share in so courtly a contest will own.

" Oh ! the days are gone, when Dryden bright
 " The laurel wore - - -
 " When the cry for song from morn till night,
 Was " more," still " more !"

* See the noble Lord's Poems ; which contain models for
 dedicatory addresses.

New bays may bloom,
And bards may come
 Of milder, calmer vein—
But there's nothing half so strong in life,
 As old John's strain !
Oh ! there's nothing half so strong in life,
 As old John's strain !
Though the harp to fresher fame may soar,
 Now stale P—e's gone ;
Though it win the wise, so deaf before,
 To hear its tone
'Twill never gain
So high a strain
 In all its noon of praise
As the lays we drink with ravish'd ear,
 Those soul-felt lays,
Which, at every pause, call forth a tear
 For poor old Bayes !
Oh ! that royal feast is ne'er forgot
 For Persia won ;
Still it nobly paints the spirit hot
 Of Philip's son—

How could he write,
 In one short night,*
 What years may hope in vain !
 Oh ! there's nothing half so strong in life,
 As old John's strain !
 Oh ! there's nothing, &c. &c.

Grimaldi was going to speak, and say "*Nice !*"
 When a soft sonneteer issued forth in a trice.

" Sadler ! I see thy Wells ; yet cannot see
 " Thine old Grimaldi—Ah ! the senior's gone,
 " And we are censur'd by his son alone.
 " 'Tis sad, at Sadler's Wells, that bards, that we,
 " Should strive for laurels with small honour worn :
 " And yet I know not, if by I—ch—'s bank
 " Greater my honour, or more high my rank :
 " Then should this water-scene of strife be borne ;
 " Then should I droop o'er P—'s suburban bier,
 " And shed the tuneful tributary tear :
 " I will - - - And oh ! if rivals throw me back,
 " And snatch the bays—be mine the butt of sack !"

* Alluding to the known story of "*Alexander's Feast*" having been composed by Dryden in one night.

Grimaldi grew angry ; but, just as he frown'd,
From the judge a dry poet more sympathy found.

“ With tatter'd Gown, and Hair that loosely flies,
“ Down Pinner Lanes the Muse of Monarchs hies ;
“ The Birth-day Muse has lost her darling Son,
“ For P—e, James P—e, the Poet Laureat's gone.
“ The Village Hinds assemble round his Bier,
“ And Richard Wilkins sheds the tenderest Tear.
“ Richard himself a Poet had become,
“ And left for idle Verse his busy Home.
“ Long, over Land and Sea, he bent his Path ;
“ And now, worn out by Fortune's Wrongs and Wrath,
“ Home he return'd ; and not one human Eye
“ Or knew the Poet, or his Poetry.
“ The Sexton late had died ; and wayward Chance,
“ Choosing poor Richard's Fortunes to advance,
“ Made *him* the Sexton ; and with tearful Eye
“ He buried thus the tuneful Corse of P—e.”

“ This is nature itself ! ” quoth the censor—but lo !
Something simpler than nature's beginning to flow.

“ A child so small, I cannot tell
“ How small she was indeed,
“ Met me, while walking in the dell,
“ That’s nigh to Pinner mead.
“ She pull’d me by the coat ; and oh !
“ She look’d, as if she wish’d I’d go,
“ Where stood a cottage in the lane
“ That borders upon Pinner plain.
“ I went with her—and then she said,
“ The Poet Laureat, P—e, is dead.”
“ Ah me ! I answer’d sad ; and so
“ We reach’d the little house of woe.

“ The wicker gate was open’d wide,
“ The flowers were trodden down beside ;
“ It look’d, as if some friend had past
“ Eager on P—e to look his last.
“ I know not—but I heav’d a sigh—
“ The little child stood weeping by.

“ We enter’d at the cottage door,
“ And saw the man who was no more.
“ That child—I never will forsake her—
“ Though sneer’d at by the undertaker”---
- - - - -

With a pitiful sob here the story broke off,
 And hard-hearted they felt who were tempted to scoff;
 There was something so good in the bard, yet so silly,
 That you lov'd him and laugh'd at him too, willy nilly.

And hark! here's another! whose drawl makes you doubt,
 If he's preaching, or praying, or what he's about.

" A poisonous tree's the laurel; yet can bear
 " Fruit much more fam'd than apple or than pear :
 " Therefore, perhaps, it was esteem'd by P—e — —
 " And yet, on second thoughts, I know not why.
 " Though laurel leaves the conqueror's brow adorn,
 " Though laurel leaves by conquering bards are worn,
 " With laurel leaves did Donellan destroy
 " Sir Theodosius Boughton, yet a boy.
 " In human things how closely does alloy
 " Mingle with purest gold ! this proverb's force
 " Is shown, too clearly, by my own remorse ;
 " Remorse I *daily* feel, for having rais'd
 " The fame of actors, whom I *weekly** prais'd.

}

* Other MSS. read "*weakly*" See the Preface to R—m—e.

“ And yet, reviving from its deathlike rest,
 “ R—m—e, so long by Sh—r—d—n* supprest,
 “ Shall hail me father, spite of the fool’s jest;
 “ Spite of stage-faults, in closet read, shall bear
 “ Fruit sweeter far than apple or than pear,
 “ Mellow renown !—but still, perforce, I dread
 “ These poisonous bays; still wish them on my head.
 “ How win the prize? the drawback how avoid?
 “ What thing on earth is perfectly enjoy’d?
 “ Yon centipede, indeed”—————†

“ *Nice, nice!*” said the judge—but strange moanings
 for P—e
 On a bard of pale aspect attracted each eye.

“ Daylight! and yet no sleep?
 “ O’er Sadler’s Wells so deep,

* Must not this gentleman feel some remorse for having suppressed R—m—e so long? Quere by the Author.

† See R—m—e. The judge is so struck with the beauty of this allusion, which he remembers to have heard on the Stage, that he cannot help interrupting the author with his usual note of approbation, “*nice, nice!*” and, before the perfect enjoyments of the centipede can be described, the poet is overwhelmed by another of the Lake or Water fraternity. This, therefore, is another instance of the involuntary Aposiopesis. See page 4.

“ O’er Islington’s exalted spire,
“ O’er Pentonville, the festal fire
“ Streams on the blazing town from every station,
“ And heightens Victory’s Illumination.
“ No falling rain-drop damps
“ The lustre of the lamps;
“ To thee, the MIGHTY-ONE of Spain, they shine,
“ And all this blaze of stateliness is thine.
“ Fast fled the French o’er valley and o’er mountain,
“ Nearly was King Joe shot by Captain Wyndham :
“ Proudly wast thou exhibited in England,
“ Staff of the Marshal ! *
“ Horns ! horns ! around the Square—
“ What do these horns declare ?
“ Loud as Orlando’s horn from Roncevaux,
“ From the same vales the Fall of France they blow !
“ Hear them ! thou modern Charlemagne ! oh hear !
“ Though Dresden now is not so near
“ To Bloomsbury-Square, as Paris on that day,
“ To Fontarabia !
“ Joy, joy to Wellington,
“ The glorious Wellington,
“ Joy !—in the passes of the Pyrenees,
“ Passes that never saw such passings through as these,

* At Vauxhall!!!

C

"Where hollow winds with mountain echoes sport,
 "Soul has been vanquish'd at Jean Pied de Port.
 "Thy 27th and 28th, July!
 "Swell'd the loud battle's cry;
 "Till, when the harvest moon in youth appear'd,
 "Abisbal's Condè, who no Frenchman fear'd,
 "Succour'd brave Rowland Hill,
 "Yet mask'd thy towers, Pamplona! still—
 "—How much more calm is Pinner green!
 "There P—e's untimely tomb is seen,
 "Tomb of the green in age,
 "Tomb of the TUNEFUL-ONE!—who still could sing
 "To Britain's Queen, to Britain's King,
 "Of annual praise a page."

"How beautiful is this!" Grimaldi cried;
 But now, that older candidate* he spied,

* See the first Note; which names the younger S—y as the probable successor of P—e. But the older S—y was first to be the man; and we edited before the tables were turned against him. The reader and the candidate, we hope, will excuse our still alluding to the earlier report.—Tros, Rutulusve fuat, *nullo* discrimine habemus! Indeed a third report now prevails; and the "siller" and the sack are said to be destined for the Pegasus (or Posthaste Poet) of the North; who sleeps and eats saddled and bridled, and is always ready to start. See note p. 7.

Who *seem'd* determin'd in his purse to put

The 100*l.*, and quaff the malmsey butt;

Not caring if himself the *but* became,

And nobly trusting to his former fame.

“ I know thee by thy chin, and hoary hair*—

“ To claim thy right what younger bard will dare?

“ I know thee !”—said the judge—But now—dire chance

(So will the stealing-foot of time advance)

Sounded the gong, that every evening tells

The glorious opening of great Sadler's Wells. .

Then S—tt to see his own dear R—k—y flew ;†

Then R—g—s sigh'd to see C—l—b—s too ;

Then S—th—y, frighten'd at his own dire curse,

Felt poor Ladurlad's fate becoming worse,

Who saw such quantities of water brought

To raise his Water-poet's watery thought,

Still dry himself !—then, all but one, they swear,

For Laureat honours they no longer care ;

And C—b—ll ceas'd to hope, and B—r—n to despair. }

* As the Signor G. is by extraction a countryman, or at least a neighbour of Virgil's, we cannot wonder at this similarity of expression.

† This poem has been aqua-dramatized with great success at Sadler's Wells. The two lovers brought on the stage together with the heroine have a very striking effect; and forcibly remind us of the *LADY* and the *TWO PRENTICES*; and (*mutatis mutandis*) of the *RIVAL QUEENS*; of *LUCY* and *POLLY*, &c. &c.

With general candour they confess it base,
 To praise a monarch, even to his face;
 With general candour they confess it dull,
 To start, like Stage, when empty or when full.—*

Grimaldi grinn'd—and, welcoming his grin,
 All, but the rugged Chærilus,† begin
 To smile approval on their censor's wit,
 And sound his praise from boxes and from pit.

Then, jovous band! retiring from the play
 To neighbouring coffee-house,‡ the rhymesters say,
 “ Grimaldi only can this cause decide,
 “ Grimaldi only can this ode provide!
 “ When dying Laureats yield their butts and bays,
 “ When birth-days ask their periodic praise,
 “ Grimaldi best can judge, and best can sing
 “ Britannia's poets, and Britannia's king.”

* “ Twice a year, till the ode we annul,
 “ Our Laureat must play “ *Goodman Dull*.”

† Chærilus—

“ Dan Chærilus was Poet-Laureat made”—

“ Ille

“ Chærilus, *incultis* qui versibus, ac *malè natis*,

“ Retulit acceptos, *regale* numisma, *Philippos*—

“ Qui capit,” &c.—And here is a *Fillip* for him!

‡ The Old Fool's Head; opposite the New Ditto, at Sadler's Wells.

P. S. "MORE LAST LAURELS!"

The last of the Pentonville Stages (which is licensed to stop only a hundred times between Paddington and Pentonville) having arrived a few moments after the public Recitations were closed, the following Vers de Société, as extemporaneous substitutes for the Author's premeditated Probationary Ode, were privately recited to a select party of Fashionables, at the New Fool's Head opposite the Old Ditto, with universal approbation.

" Too late I'm come ! forgive my stay !

" The coachman's was the crime !

" He stopp'd to drink upon the way,

" He stopp'd the hundredth time !

" Like hives, well-fill'd with humming bees,

" With bees beset around,

" Thick, as, beneath Hymettian trees,

" Those Attic swarms were found ;

" The coaches kept a constant din,

" With poets stuck about

" And Tory bards were always *in*,

" And Whigs were always *out*.

- “ Ah ! vain my hope a place to get
 “ Before the latest stage ;
 “ The latest stage had tarried yet,
 “ Unchid by B—s—y’s rage.
 “ Why, Venus ! did thy doves refuse
 “ Their plumage to the wheels ?
 “ The Lover’s heart, the Minstrel’s Muse,
 “ But one impatience feels.
 “ Yet who would run from Lisson green
 “ Could he, though slowly, ride,
 “ Where Gre—n—lle on the roof was seen,
 “ And Wh—r—n† snug inside ?
 “ And who to sober finishment
 “ Such joyous journey brings,
 “ Where poets, peers, and porter lent
 “ Their spirits to the springs ?‡

* Near Paddington—where the Poets who live at the west instead of the worst end of the town are supposed to meet the stage.

† How uncertain are human prospects and Pentonville Stage-coaches ! A candidate, who took the greatest pains *to get a place*, might as well have lost it !

‡ Whether the honourable Poet means the *springs* of the Islington Spa, the New River, or the Pentonville Stage, is left to the candid reader’s judgment ; who will not fail to admire an expression adapted to so many tastes at once.

“ Then, partial friends ! forgive my stay !

“ The coachman’s was the crime !

“ He stopp’d to drink upon the way,

“ He stopp’d the hundredth time !”

The subjoined “ Tale of Terror” was also recited at the same place and on the same occasion.

“ Why, grim Monk ! in every feature

“ Are such signs of fear exprest ?

“ Hast thou murder’d any creature ?

“ Is it conscience breaks thy rest ?”

“ Well my visage may alarm you,

“ For I’ve seen a ghost go by !

“ Ghost of him who once could charm you,

“ Gibbering* Ghost of Poet P—e !

“ I, who’ve mark’d thin-sheeted phantoms

“ Back returning to their tombs,

“ When the crowing of the bantams

“ Call’d them to the Stygian glooms,

* Other copies read “ *jabbering*.”

“ Never saw sight so astounding !
 “ For the Spectre, in a sigh
 “ Like a dreamt-of whisper sounding,
 “ Seem’d to say, “ *The Monk must die !*”

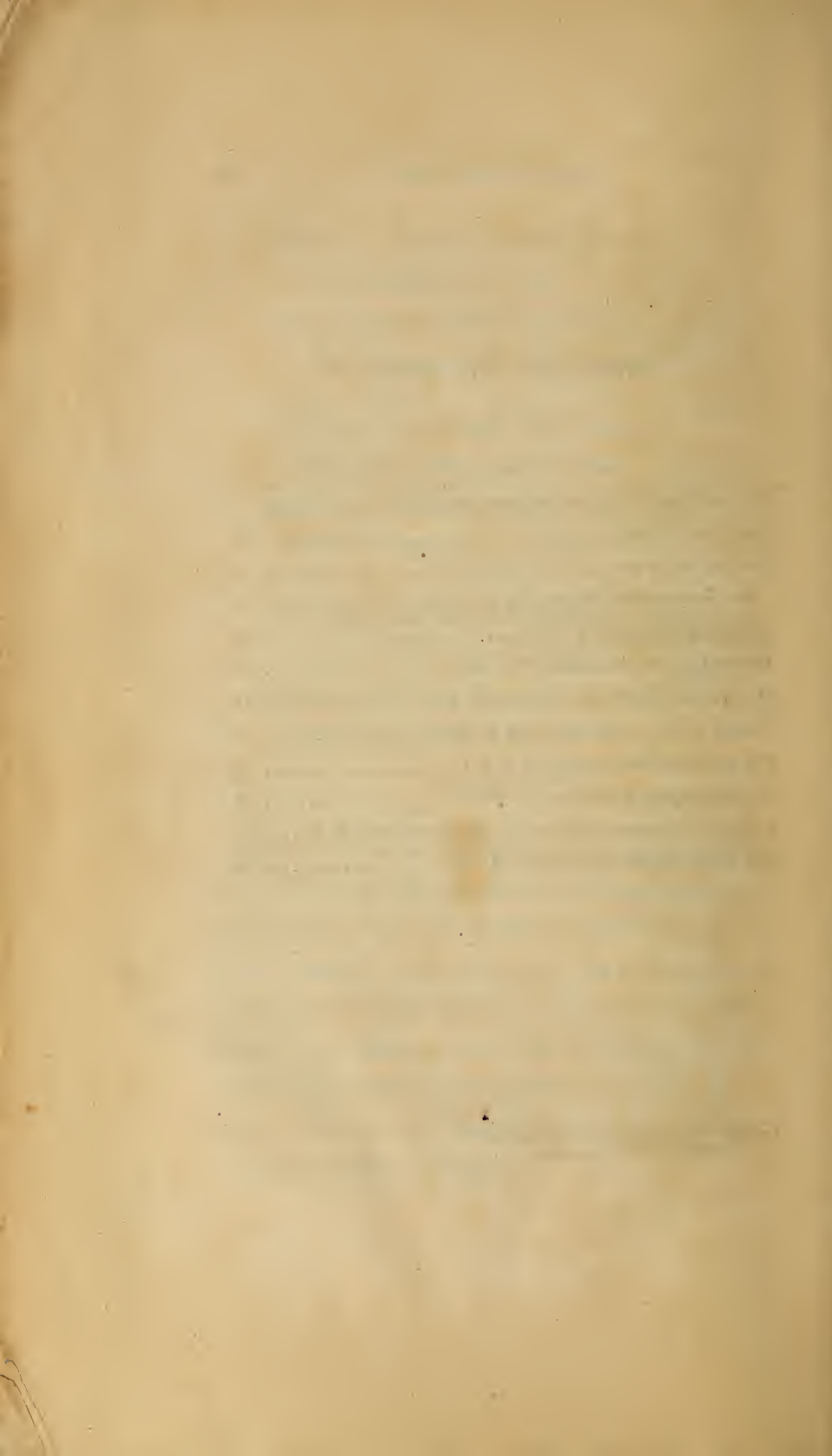
“ Will my Poems live ?”—I ask’d him—
 “ But he shook his mournful head :
 “ Will your own ?”—too hard I task’d him—
 “ And the sighing spectre fled !—

“ Well then may my looks alarm you,
 “ For I’ve seen a ghost go by !
 “ Ghost of him who once could charm you,
 “ Gibbering Ghost of Poet P—e !”

P. P. S. We are requested to state (from authority) that W. T. F—z—d, Esq. was one of the earliest applicants, at the London office for the Pentonville coaches, for a place to Sadler’s Wells, on the great day of recitation at the New River Head; but was totally disappointed in his object. The jealousy of his rivals (thus paying him an extorted compliment) is strongly suspected to have occasioned some improper interference at the Spotted Dog, from whence the coaches start.

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The Monk and the Stranger, by M. G. L.	23



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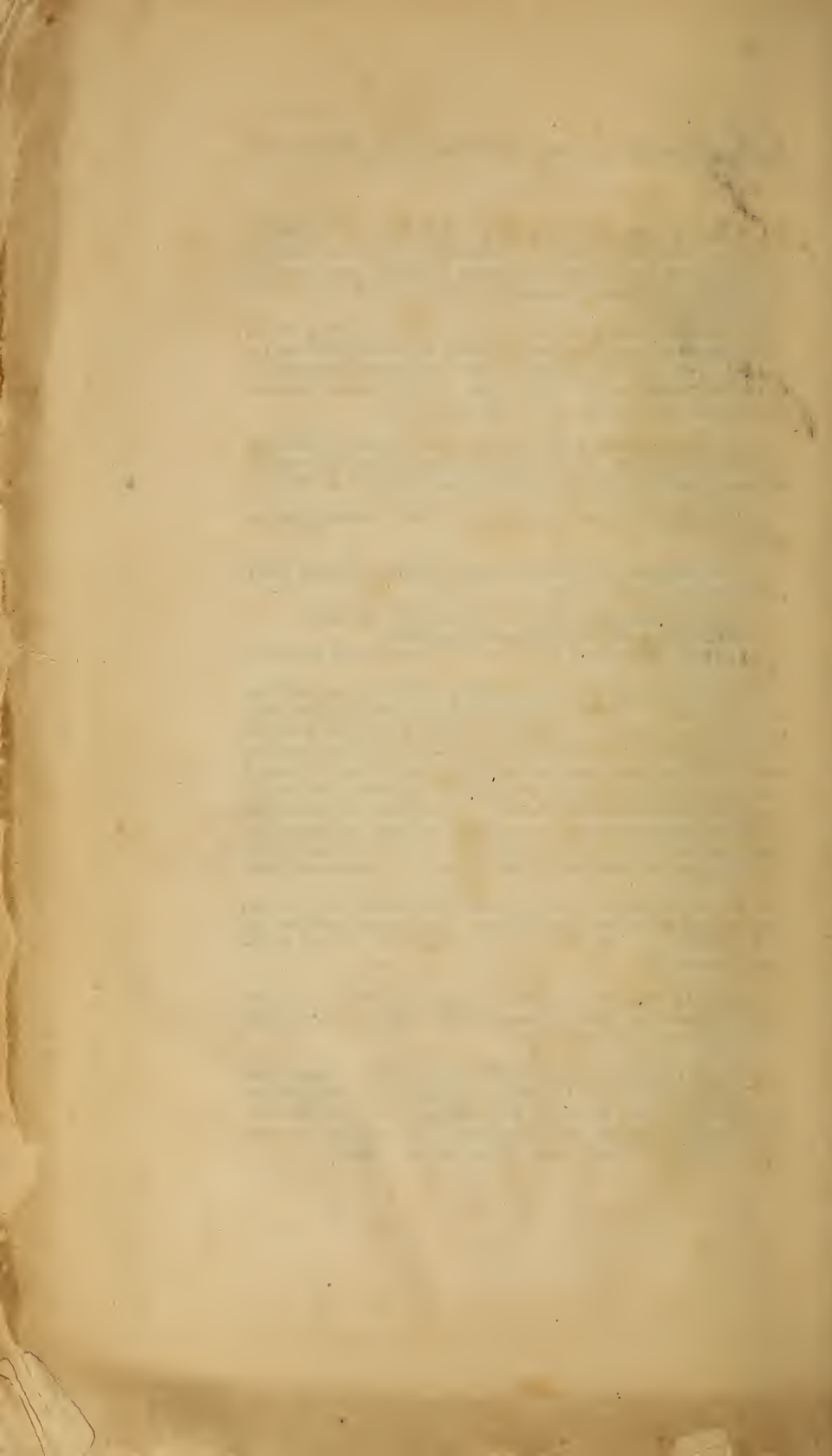
Perhaps Queen Mab touch'd him at full o' the Moon
With a Field-Marshal MANAGER's battoon,
And then dream'd he, &c.— *Woodward's Prologue.*

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GUY'S
PORRIDGE POT:

A POEM,

IN TWENTY-FOUR BOOKS.

THE FIRST PART.

Κενὴς δόξης ἔθ' ἐν δοκεῖ εἶναι αθλιώτερος.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY ALL THE
BOOKSELLERS.

1808.

G.S.

SLATTER AND MUNDAY, PRINTERS, OXFORD.

DEDICATION,

ADDRESSED TO THE LEARNED CHARACTERS OF MY

POEM.



GENTLEMEN,

IT is an usual custom with authors first to assign some irresistible motive for their dedications, and next to assert, what might be suspected perhaps, their own independence and spirit. The irresistible motive always arises from that veneration which every good man must entertain for his Lordship's unparalleled merit—and the assertion of independence is rendered absolutely necessary to distinguish themselves from the base and servile herd of flattering scribblers which insults and disgraces literature.

I love to have authority before me, and I shall follow their example as long as it is convenient.

The same "irresistible motive" is equally urgent with me. Every one will allow that had I searched and researched the world, I never could have fixed upon subjects more proper than yourselves for this dedication. I shall be silent with regard to those virtues and talents which others, who are less acquainted with them than myself, might have chosen for their panegyric, both because I am unwilling to relate what every one must know, and every one, except the curious, must acknowledge—and also because I have already manifested if not sufficient, certainly no common admiration in making them the subjects of my poem. It is easy to say in verse, what delicacy would regret in prose. But besides the reasons which I have already given, there is another and a still more forcible one: besides my own feelings, and the reader's patience, I ought to consult your modesty. So very conspicuous is the amiable quality in question, that I am confident almost every one of my readers will be much more inclined to admit the justice of this poem than yourselves. They will be more ready to apply my descriptions, and to point the encomiums which those descriptions may convey.

As for the second part—the assertion of independence—I will not deviate from their example, although that example is by no means necessary. Where there can be no suspicion, protestations

are useless. For what man of common candor will suppose that I could promise myself any other reward than your esteem? I know that neither wealth nor preferment is at your disposal. I know that nothing should be expected, where there is nothing to confer. For that very reason I most solemnly renounce, not only every claim to your patronage, but every hope from your benevolence. And I hereby declare that I never have accepted, and that I never will accept, what it is equally impossible for me to receive, or for you, most learned Gentlemen, to bestow!

If this be not disinterested, the world is to blame rather than myself. Human nature can offer nothing which is more so—and I confess that I am human. As a farther proof of my sincerity, I neither publicly acknowledge this little work to be mine, nor privately hint that I know something of the author. There is one other circumstance which I would mention in addition to these. Again I most solemnly protest that I never have been influenced in its composition by any individual attachments, or by any secret partiality. I wrote as an historian should write, without either love or hatred, from a knowledge of characters and facts. If I had ever felt either I never would have published. No, Gentlemen! you are less indebted to me than to yourselves for every line. With these declarations and assurances, I must conclude.

There is but one more favor which I will venture
to solicit—permission to subscribe myself

Your very obedient,

Very sincere,

Very disinterested,

Very humble,

Servant and Admirer.

PREFACE.

THERE are rather more than three hundred different kinds of prefaces. It was a part of my original design to have classed them regularly, as Cicero did the divisions of oratory, and to have given a correct and ample description of each. My friends and bookseller compelled me, however reluctantly, to relinquish a plan, the execution of which would have been attended with infinite advantage to the world, and particularly to that part of it called the Republic of Literature.

They alledged that the preface would be out of all proportion to the work. That it would be infinitely better calculated for a separate publication—that my readers on finishing it, or perhaps even before they had finished it, might fancy there was nothing else, and consequently that my poem might be neglected.

It was in vain that I produced the most respectable authorities, and that I appealed to one which from its connection with my work, could not be overlooked.* If notes were allowed to exceed the text so very much in bulk, why not a preface? I had the mortification of

* See a certain Spittal Sermon.

hearing that great men indeed might do as they pleased, but that my reputation was not sufficiently established to authorize any innovations at present. The "*at Present*" came out but just in time, or I should certainly, according to custom, have quarrelled with my friends, changed my bookseller, and persisted, even if convinced of its absurdity, in my plan.

As it is, I shall content myself with briefly noticing three instead of three hundred different modes. The first is deprecatory or apologetical. The author begins with observing that when criticism is so universal and severe, there can be but little prospect of success except to men of extraordinary talents. 2dly. That he has not the vanity to rank himself in this class—for 3dly. He is sufficiently conscious of his own demerits, and the imperfections of his book. 4thly. That his book has little else to recommend it than the goodness of its intentions. 5thly. That it is expecting infinitely too much from the candor of mankind when their attention is solicited without any other claim. 6thly. That he cannot plead surreptitious copies, or the entreaties of his friends. 7thly. That even if he could, the excuse would be inadmissible. 8thly. That an author must risk a great deal without any rational prospect of compensation—for 9thly. Those whose talents are sufficiently respectable in the circle of their friends, are often very insignificant in the world. 10thly. and lastly, That convinced of all this, and even of a great deal more, in the very spirit of humility, he resigns himself to his readers.

The second class is directly opposite, and may be called the "Haughty or Indifferent." These never attempt to convince their readers that they are blockheads for publishing. They claim that liberty as a natural right, rather than as a conceded privilege. Although they admit that books are intended for those who may be pleased to peruse them, they are perfectly unconcerned whether *their books* be perused or not. They felt no anxiety in their composition, and are indifferent as to their fate. They scorn and detest prefaces. Custom has no influence whatever over men of elevated minds. They are not such as condescend to deprecate the severity either of critics or readers. For critics and readers are very different people: readers read without judging—and critics judge without reading. They leave their books to defend themselves. They were neither induced to write for the good of others, nor for their own reputation. Indeed all that they have written, particularly in the preface, was intended to convince mankind of this indifference. The work was composed merely to pass away a vacant hour, and published merely because they chose it.

The last class steers equally between the first and second, and should be denominated "Apologetical Indifference." These writers have a mortal antipathy to prefaces, but invariably publish the longest; like very timid and superstitious people, who are always meeting with ghosts, because they would always avoid them. This is true, but unfortunate! They convince us that prefaces are by no means necessary, and that

books would do just as well, or even a great deal better without them. That the custom is a modern, and therefore a barbarous one, and that the authors submit to it, only because they ought not. That a good book is in need of no assistance, and that a bad one cannot receive any. That they are willing to rely upon the candor of their readers, and the merits of their works. Thus, instead of a preface intended as an apology for the work, or a challenge for the reader, it is only intended as an exculpatory attack upon itself: and after forty or fifty pages employed in proving that even one of them would have been absurd, we are suffered to proceed. This is the opposite to Swift's digression in praise of digression, and certainly upon a much more ingenious plan.

Now my preface will be a specimen of originality, and totally different from them all. It is intended to inform my readers, if I get any, of some particulars connected with the work. Perhaps I may be told that this is merely an old fashion revived, and that formerly prefaces were always written for the very same purpose. Be it so. What is thus deducted from my originality will be added to my learning, and in this I resemble the greatest men of the present age. Besides modern originality, as Mr. Pope observes, is nothing more than the reproduction of old ideas in new dresses. This definition is a very good one, and sufficiently distinguishes us from such as are contented with setting forth every-day thoughts in every-day attire.

There is one advantage, at least, which we have at pre-

sent over our forefathers. This age is either much more virtuous or candid than the last. There is a great deal of tenderness and delicacy shewn on many occasions now, which did not exist before. Satire, by way of instance, was once considered as a very wholesome medicine for folly, and a very necessary one for vice. Either these two diseases are eradicated with the small pox, or, as I am rather disposed, for some strong but private reasons, to imagine, they are indebted to our indulgence or our indifference for their repose. It is certain that the very same dose which would have been considered as nothing more than a common and gentle emetic but fifty years ago, has become now sufficiently powerful, not only to gripe the unhappy patient but to torture the compassionate by-stander. A cry is immediately raised against the apothecary and his physic: the one is a cruel, inhuman, detestable ruffian, the other is a hasty, abominable, poisonous drug.

This surely must be attributed to the weakness of our constitutions. There is something in it far beyond common feeling and commiseration, which might be considered by the morose as morbid, squeamish, sentimental, and childish.

I should burn with as much indignation as any man if I had reason to believe that these same medicines were improperly administered. But there is a very wide difference between the prescriptions of a regular physician, who has felt his patient's pulse and discovered his disorder, and the dose of some malevolent scoundrel who would slip his physic into an unsuspecting neigh-

bour's meat, though convinced that it must be useless, and might be injurious.

Now I am regular in my profession, and the comparison holds good in every point but one, which, alas! cannot be reconciled. I have felt the pulse, and I have given such advice as my conscience directed. I have not the slightest antipathy to my patients, or prejudice respecting their several complaints. I am convinced that I shall do them good, though my medicine is rather too weak than too strong. In all these points I am indeed what I profess to be; but it must be confessed that I was neither called in, nor have been fee'd for my trouble. This, however, is less my fault than my misfortune. Let not any one, therefore, reproach me with inhumanity till he has investigated the nature of their complaints, and ascertained the motive for my prescriptions. *No doubt they will be unpalatable at first, but they were given with a good intention, and will be productive of a good effect.

* Αριστοτέλης της παιδείας εφη τας μεν ξιζας είναι πικρας, γλυκεις δε τους καρπούς.

GUY'S PORRIDGE POT.

ARGUMENT.

APPEAL to the reader's feelings—disadvantages under which modern poets must labour—evil spirits of literature.—The author's security and courage—he defies and threatens them.—Poetical impediments removed in the usual manner—Hints at the subject.—Why the evil spirits cannot interfere.—Cautions given them not to transgress their proper limits.—Address to the reader—Author's prudence—that prudence necessary.—Hints—Allusion to an important subject—Hints again—The scene of this Poem discovered—distinguishing peculiarities of it—Great natural phenomenon—Learned allusion in explanation—A beautiful contrast in the characteristic description of some very good, and some very wise people.—Preparations for the conclusion—Reader's impatience—Author's prudence—Illuminati—Conclusion.

BOOK I.

“ Double, double toil and trouble
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.”

THOSE that have tried, alone can pity
His case who must be, will be witty,
Who sweats with labor, shakes with doubt,
And writes a line to scratch it out.

The time is past since folk beginning
Had got a muse to set them spinning.
And when their first, their only prayer
Was said to her, and she was there—
Now hungry, cross-grained, grim reviewer,
*Sticks man with pen; as hare with skewer:
No force withstands, no tear appeases,
He does, and will do what he pleases;

* The golden age of literature was antecedent to criticism. The silver, when it was scarce. This is the iron, brazen, and leaden age. How happily would poor persecuted authors go on, if it were not for critical torments! I wish sincerely—and not on my own account—that Reviewers would give them a jubilee year, and pass an act of indemnity; an act of oblivion would be useless presently, for all offences therein committed.

And giant-like where'er he meets him
He turns, he bastes, he roasts, he eats him.

But spells secure, lest fiend attack it
With brimstone brush, my fire-proof jacket—
When fierce, I'm wrath—when sharp, uncivil,
Saint Dunstan I, if he the devil.

(So far, so good, now rest a little,
My metaphor gets plaguy brittle :
Better go slowly, better stay
Till sure to find the straightest way.)
If culprit I, if justice he
His warrant cannot reach to me ;
All armed in brass, like stout knight-errant,
Care I for justice or for warrant ?
And when I laugh at men or flatter,
Is he a judge of praise or satire ?
Can he decide the cause between
The author me, and those I mean
Both sides unknown, unheard, unseen ?

To him who boldly soaring sings
These metaphors are awkward things ;
Use all the caution that he may
They get for ever in his way :
Though changed, alas ! mine is not plain
So now I change it back again.

I tell thee critic, those same people,
Far off, live round provincial steeple.
Who interferes while I am firking
With all my might a neighbour's jerkin ?

Myself, my neighbour both unknown,
 What prudent man would risk his own?
 Goblin avaunt; I give thee warning
 To hang thy tail, and draw thy horn in!

But gentle tender-hearted reader
 Our road is plain while I am leader,
 In spite of critic, wind, or weather,
 We chit-chat jog along together,
 If that be chit-chat tete-a-tete
 *Where you must listen, I must prate.

I would, but dare not half unravel
 Cause why, place where, with whom, you travel.
 (Reader) "You dare not?" (Author) Hush! I give the
 reason

Some folks have knives, and I a weason!
 Still one is bold, the other pressing,
 And no great secret learnt by guessing;
 I tell my tale about the people—

(Reader) "What people?" (Author) Guess, and guess
 what steeple.

(Reader) "*They*† prove, who dread a want of vittle
 Great Britain to be very little:

Take Scotland from it, he who searches
 May yet find room for many churches!"

(Author) Take Scotland then, and solve my riddle,
 This place stands somewhere near the middle.

* Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.

Juv.

† Mr. Malthus, Mr. Godwin, &c.

(Reader) "I cannot guess." (Author) Alas! * poor
Yorick!

Thy scull had brains! (Reader) "What is it —?"

(Author) Yes —, Fortune crazy creature,
Has there reversed the laws of nature.

† Fire, air, and water lose in force

The more, the farther from their source,

As any man or child can tell us

Who squirts with squib, or blows with bellows.

But there, so freakish is the dame,

The beams shine brighter than the flame :

However strange my tale my sound

‡ Clouds rest within, and light around.

* — Alas! poor Yorick!

That scull had a tongue in it once.

HAM.

† Plat. Tim.—Lact. Inst.—Plat.—Arist. de Anim.

‡ I shall dwell longer on this part of my subject hereafter.

There are, notwithstanding this general character which I have given, many individuals resident among the crowd, who deserve to be elevated above their neighbours. It is usual indeed to pay this compliment twice in every year, but much too partially. In the second part of my poem, if I have sufficient encouragement to continue it, I will do what I can for them. Neither have I any apprehensions but that sufficient encouragement will be given me. Some of those whom I am now describing, will be grateful enough to return the compliment, as well as they can, either by themselves or their friends. I expect every acknowledgment which critical modesty can offer me. And if my readers should meet in the different Reviews, notwithstanding my caution, with such words as these, fool, ass, knave, monster, &c. let them remember how to read and construe all and each into the most delicate and refined expressions of approbation.

I must explain, I see you doubt,
 Wisdom hath placed her sons without.
 As once philosophers, we know,
 Declared the sun was ice or snow.
 The people laughed, the dog-days came,
 They sought the shade, but held the same :
 What can be done? at last they venture
 To prove its rays unlike its centre.

And thus with — —, in the smoke
 Dwell civil, quiet, decent folk—
 *But all the learned, wise, and bright
 Live further off, live out of sight.

* This should not have been said perhaps, without some few honourable exceptions. Even here there are certain little insects in literature who differ as much from the hero of my poem as a butterfly from an eagle; or as the hyssop on the wall, from the cedar of Lebanon. A love of reputation may burn as intensely in dwarfs as in giants, in the people of Lilliput as in the people of Brobdingnag. Numberless pretty little namby-pamby verses almost every week, which have no other essential fault but a want of sense and poetry, are from this origin. One unfortunate pygmy, who is lost, rashly launched into the literary ocean with a cockle-shell tragedy: others have more prudently confined themselves to the republication of their neighbours works, in a newspaper, with three or four introductory lines written by themselves. There are little Betty's in scribbling here who dispute the laurel with their two Reverend Instructors, and carry it away. In fact, authors which criticism must examine with the same microscopic minuteness as naturalists would do mites in a cheese, abound; but I, who am speaking of the cheese itself, may give a distinct and appropriate character, notwithstanding these its insignificant and almost imperceptible inhabitants.

Now reader ! never mind the first,
 They eat through hunger, drink through thirst :
 And not alone from wants like these,
 They eat and drink just when they please--
 Like me, and, possibly, like you,
 *They do what other people do—
 And, as I hinted, drink and eat
 Just what they have, or what they get.
 Virtues, thank God ! not yet uncommon
 To English-man or English-woman.
 An empty belly genders strife,
 But peace reigns here 'twixt man and wife.
 Without a pistol, gun, or sabre,
 †Each lives in quiet by his neighbour.

* But still, as I said before, there are some few honourable exceptions, some few instances of an ambitious spirit. I shall relate other particulars hereafter, at present I must content myself with the following. One good citizen—alas ! I am forced to acknowledge he was an adventitious citizen—fell before the mayor upon his knees, passionately implored the reasonable loan of an alderman's gown, and permission, when invested in that dignified garb, to congratulate his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence on their happy arrival. It is to be lamented that a request so laudable as this was refused him—not only because the princely guests have lost such an extraordinary specimen of wisdom and eloquence, but also because the disappointed citizen in question has become a victim to that timid and bashful sensibility which generally preys upon repulsed and neglected genius !

† It must be confessed that this happy repose is occasionally disturbed by a tremendous foe to borough serenity called “Contested Election.” Still, however, there is some strong, though

Here let us stop, and rest, before I
Conclude the wonders of my story.

(Reader) "Conclude! whatever may be in it,
Before you end, you should begin it."

(Author) Assuage your wrath, your haste assuage,
What follows, comes another stage.

In tale so very delicate I

Acted like wise Illuminati,

Who leading, checking, watching, trying,

*Knew convert fit, from convert prying.

secret, influence, similar to that of gravitation or magnetism which keeps almost every thing here in its proper place. Foolish people, who were ignorant of this influence, might have wondered, perhaps, when they beheld one good man, whose loss is universally regretted, change and re-change his party seven times in less than a month. But it was found, on diligent enquiry, that he had received three different promises of a long lease from Pro, and four invitations to dinner from Con. As Con had also a house to dispose of, Con succeeded. On another occasion, there were silly, childish, half-witted mortals, so totally unacquainted with the world, as to shudder with horror or disgust, on hearing a Reverend Orator publicly attack the son of his former friend and his exhausted patron, though he knew that the accusation was false, and though he saw that the calumny must be refuted! Fortunately, indeed, there are very few who are so squeamish as this: and philosophers, like myself, may trace the power or influence of this same principle, called interest, in its operations, while we are totally ignorant of its nature.

* See Prof. Rob. and Ab. Bar.—Hom. Od.—Proclus de Tim.
Athæn. Kir.

He who with modest patience strains
 To learn, learns wonders for his pains.
 Before I tell, I make you follow
 Through brake and fen, o'er steep and hollow.
 Come on, if still resolved to roam,
 If weary, prithee Sir go home.
 The guide is paid—averse or willing—
 You have your choice, and I the *shilling.

* The intended price of this book; but lo! the effects of ~~an~~
 paper!

GUY'S PORRIDGE POT.

Scene—The same till it shifts. Time—The same till it changes.

ARGUMENT.

A SOLEMN address to the Spirits by whom I am inspired. Their office—power—dignity—and origin. Why preferable to Apollo and the Muses. Vows of perfect and perpetual devotion to them.—The story, according to Aristotle, abruptly commenced. News—of what—by whom carried—to whom brought—The Hero of the Poem—The elbow chair—The speech—Prediction—Preparations—A beautiful allusion to Homer. The Hero superior, in some respects, to Agamemnon—His predictions accomplished. Conclusion.

BOOK II.

“ Boil thou first in the charmed pot.”

MACBETH.

ALL hail! ye powers of mystic song
That nightly loose my stammering tongue;
That fire my brain, and fill my soul
With visions dim, with nothing whole;
That bid misshapen forms arise
And stand revealed before mine eyes;
That multiply this candle here
To girandole or chandelier!
All hail! ye powers of every sort
Whether ye boast your birth from port,
Or, bound to let the truth appear,
Blushing confess ye sprang from beer!]
Thrice I invoke your sacred line
Spirits all hail! of beer and wine!

Let pale-faced poet, if he chuses,
Address Apollo and the muses;
Inspired by you, I scorn to follow
Either the muses or Apollo.

For whispering groves, and gelid springs,
 And Pindus' tops, and Zephyr's wings,
 With lists, which poets must remember,
 Seem out of season in December;
 *And all the rocks and woods together
 May sleep, for me, till warmer weather;
 Besides I said (prim. vide Tom.)
 Though called and called they never come.

Pindar may strive to make us quarrel
 Sweet red-nosed spirits of my barrel,
 But neither he nor Aristotle
 Parts me from you, or Baby Bottle!

News flies as fast as fame can carry
 That Fox is chosen secretary!
 Post-office, shambles, bank, and fish-shop,
 Resound prophetic of a bishop.
 Happy the man who first arrives
 To tell the doctor how he thrives,
 What people say, † how sure they are
 That none stand half the chance of — *5247*
 So firm a friend, so fine a writer,
 His wig so suited to a mitre,
 And many pretty things beside,
 Feigned just as fast as he could ride.

With lordly mien and solemn air,
 The doctor takes his elbow chair.

* Hom. II.—Anacr.—Pind.—Seneca.—Proper.—Liv. 3 B.—
 Ovid. Met.—Propert.

† Μαρτίς ὑδαὶς τῶν καθέστων βροτοῖς.

ΣΟΦΗ.

Then rings for Ralph, who orders John
 To ask the cook if Jane is gone
 Through garden, orchard, field, and house,
 In search of daughter and of spouse.

When servants, daughter, spouse appear
 He thus begins from elbow chair.

“ *Our brother tells us that the weight
 Of fearful things in church and state,

* Let not my *candid* reader imagine that I intend to gratify his *malevolence* by exposing the defects alone of this extraordinary character. There are enough of those who wish to elevate themselves, by depressing their neighbours. It is however possible to laugh at the foibles of a man, without detracting from his worth: besides this man stands in the very middle of my canvass, and how could he be omitted. (If this be a bull, so much the better for Reviewer, but to return.) My uncle Toby is not the less amiable for his whims. They endear him to the reader, and he gains almost as much by eccentricity as by benevolence. But this is only the case where eccentricity and benevolence are united. The person of whom I am speaking, is not inferior to my uncle Toby in whims and simplicity, or to any man in information and *usq.* Learning and eloquence are the most remarkable parts of his character, but the least estimable. True, there is much in it offensive to the prudish, ridiculous to the cunning, abominable to the hypocritical: but amends are made by the candid and enlightened—by a consciousness, which arises from experience, that those men who have known him the longest, must reverence him the most. You perceive, perhaps, that the subject has made me dull and serious—perhaps you perceived the former before. Now supposing that he has dared to follow me so far, I have anticipated the critic—But to return a second time. I may tickle, but I would not sting the doctor. I gather my nettles for the asses which surround him, and not for himself or his friends.

Corruptions rank, and slanders evil
 Ecclesiastical and civil—
 Press sorely on, in short, demand
 Some wiser head, and firmer hand;
 And thus, as fit for seals and see,
 The people look to Fox and me.
 From East to West, from North to South,
 With anxious eyes and gaping mouth,
 Congratulation sallies forth—
 'The roads are covered with the cloth,
 And fortune, as she used before,
 Will bring them in while clock strikes four.
 Lay * down the spit, the kettle put on
 For turkey, chicken, beef, and mutton;
 Ralph take this key, you know the sort,
 Some sherry, and my oldest port."

He spake—John spreads the festive board,
 Ralph takes the key with "yes my Lord"—
 †Low courtesying cook and Jane retire
 To realms below of smoke and fire.

‡As Somnus sent by mighty Jove
 Forsook the radiant realms of love,

* Cic. de Nat. D.—Catullus.—Pind. Nem.—Œdip. Tyr.—Œdip. Col.

† Ως ἐφ' ἃν ἐπὶ ἀπιθῇ ποδηνεμος ὠκεα ἱεῖς
 Βῆ δὲ καὶ Ἰδαίων ὄρεων εἰς Ἴλιον Ἴηην.

Hom. Il.

‡ Aristotle says that Homer was accused of impiety for making Jupiter tell lies. Macrobius says it was not a lie, but a trick, and that Jupiter was not a knave but a conjurer. Mad. Dacier

In darkness veil'd his silent wing,
 Then sought the tent, where slept the king.
 And stood before Atrides' eyes
 To tell—so Jove commanded—lies—
 To call him lazy, bid him move,
 Since all the gods shook hands above,
 And swear those gods assembled will his
 Success in war to vex Achilles :
 *Thus sent by none, divine or mortal,
 This brother seeks the doctor's portal.
 You must have seen, or heard, or read,
 Feathers in swiftness yield to lead ;
 He mounts, he flies, he cuts the air,
 For want of wings upon a mare,
 And fills with vain and empty words
 The doctor's scull like—House of Lords.

saw the distinction and stole it for herself. I use some one, as she used him: I show my learning, but do not tell from whom I had it. To see this subject in all its different lights consult Dacier, Macrob.—Strabo, l. 8.—Aul. Gell.—Arist. Topic.—Politian Præf. in Hom.—Maxim. Tyr. Diss. 17.—Plut. Schol.—Pind. in Nem.—Proclus de Tim.—Plat. Tim.—Plut.—Plac. Phil.—Arist. de Anim.—Trag. Œdip.—Hyde, Rel. Ant. Pers.—Vita Pyth. Por.—Athæn. Kirch.—Justin B. I.—Plac. Phil.—Paley Mor. Phil.—Grot.

* If you know any thing about Homer, you must know that six or seven hundred commentators have considered the want of similitude in his similies as their greatest perfection. I too, in the beginning of mine, have cautiously avoided any unpoetical resemblance.

No matter whether Somnus knew
That what he whispered was not true ;
Who hears the modern Somnus vows, he
Is twice as marvellous and drowsy.

The doctor, like Atrides, goes
Up stairs to dress in Sunday clothes :
Erect he sits beside the bed
As barber shaves his learned head—
Behold that head, like cloud-capt tower,
Adorned with monstrous cauliflower !
Still sounds the news, the ear still itches,
While shirt is air'd, and changed are breeches :
Next waistcoat smooth as e'er was worn,
The stuff is silk, the buttons horn :
With long loose skirts a well-brushed coat,
A stock stiff starched about his throat,
And polished shoes to grace his feet,—
*So all is comely, all is neat.

Nay more, believe me, did he then
Than Agamemnon king of men ;
Who dressed and hurried from the place,
Nor washed his hands, nor washed his face.

Now, gentle reader! now behold
How true is what the doctor told
“ From East to West, from North to South,
With anxious eyes, and gaping mouth,

* I have spoken with great admiration of the Doctor's dress,
but others have declared that formerly he could raise mustard
and cress upon his hat crown.

Congratulation sallies forth,
The roads are covered with the cloth,
And fortune brings them to his door
*Just as he said, while clock strikes four!"

* Had these same prophetic tidings been true, and I wish indeed that they had, there is one great episcopal duty in which the Doctor would have yielded to none of his brethren. He has been qualifying himself most assiduously in the exercise of hospitality for a great many years; and if, as I have hinted in another place, his own morning calls are occasionally a little later than custom prescribes, it is accordant with that universal and unerring rule which instructs us to do as we would that others should do unto us.

GUY'S PORRIDGE POT.

ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION according to custom.—Description of a future Doctor, who had been described before under the character of Somnus.—Second character.—The shadow of a shade.—The Author's caution to his reader respecting some metaphorical language on this pair.—Extraordinary instances of laudable ambition—Pathetical address to them—A third character—The great man—surprising instance of his early attainments—His prudence—Good advice from the author—Description of jealousy. And improvement on Esop—The author moralises and concludes.

BOOK III.

“ The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.” MACBETH.

TELL, pretty maidens! tell me who—

*Since none know half as much as you
Of guests and feasts—removes and courses—

†Arrived in gigs, on foot, or horses?

‡I wretched mortal! lost in doubts

But hear of dinners, guess at routs:

For all I learn is learnt from you,

§Tell, pretty maidens! tell me who?

* *Υμεις γαρ θεαι εστε παρσετε τε ισε τε παντα.*

HOM. IL.

† *Pars pedes ire parat campis; pars arduus altis*

Pulverulentus equis furit.

VIRGIL.

‡ We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below

But guess by humour, and but say we know. POPE.

§ Pope says that “it is hard to conceive any address more solemn, any opening to a poem more noble and magnificent than Homer’s invocation before his catalogue.” I am sorry that Pope has not lived to read mine. If I only equal Homer in solemnity and magnificence, I far surpass him in elegance and propriety. What do the muses know of ships and soldiers? Why should Homer suppose that they had more brass about them, or, individually, more tongues in their heads, than himself?—Now my pretty maidens, as they are described in the second book, can easily be imagined to relate what went on at a feast, and to tell who were

What shall I call, what title give
 That ~~vs~~ less, neutral, negative,
 That shapeless substance, pursy ghost,
 Ambitious sluggard, walking post,
 That sediment of silly things,
 That Somnus but for lack of wings ?
 How shall I name, or how be mute on,
 That rival of Sir Isaac Newton,
 That planeless flat, that pointless angle,
 That disputant too dull to wrangle,
 That philosophic butt for laughter,
 That doctor "that shall be hereafter."*

The studious mortal, he can tell
 Diverging lines from parallel,
 Make ladies wonder while he passes
 Triumphant o'er the bridge of asses ;
 And clowns admire his fruitful brain
 With "well done Doctor try again!"

†He brought the news—to him belong
 The earliest tributes of my song.

the guests. If I had been sure of as many commentators as Homer was blessed with, I should have left these discoveries to them and my readers: but the former are alas! no more: and the latter may be, nay ten to one are, most lamentable block-heads.

* Macbeth.

† I have not done with this character yet: but it will save both time and trouble, to couple him with the next. They may run on together, like two of his own hounds. If they do not exactly agree, they cannot part: one pulls a little this way, and the other that, but still they go together.

—— first arrived, and lo! we find
 The shadow of a shade behind!
 Not less in zeal, he would pursue
 As close as other shadows do;
 But lean the poney which he sat on,
 Far was his house, O! far from — *Ha! Non / 2. Some distance*
 And Fortune, stale capricious whore
 Told rival shade an hour before.

*Ah! think not reader, when I made
 This simile about a shade
 That then I meant, that now I mean
 To call him †bloodless, boneless, lean!
 Hard were the task, yea passing hard
 For any frail and earthly bard,
 To make some similies that do
 In one point well, fit others too.
 This is a shade, a shadow that,
 Though both are fair, and one is fat:
 The same their haste, the same their way,
 That rides a white, and this a grey;
 And every man who passes hoots
 Why! sure he stole the Doctor's boots!

But not contented to possess
 The closest copy of his dress,
 To talk of Greek, or to display
 His manner on a market day:

* See what I said on this subject in my second book, if you
 skipped over that part.

† Like Anacreon's grasshopper.

To smile, to wink, to shake the head,
 To judge of books they never read;
 Begin a tale, forget the joke,
 Resume their pipes, and end in smoke:
 Once more to rise, cry hush, and then
 Sit very gravely down again—
 Ambition haunts their curtain'd sleep;
 *They dream to covet—wake to weep:
 Dim scarf or shovel that appears,
 And thunders Doctor in their ears—
 Cries “eighty pounds, nay less the price is,
 Go thou to Cam, and thou to Isis,
 Then both may rank as high as he,
 †Both sign their names with LL.D.!”
 ‡Farewell! if aught my muse can do
 In stuffing owls, or painting you—
 Farewell if aught that muse avail
 §In fixing lanthorns to a tail!

* Arist. de Anim.—Diog. Laert.—Athæn. Kirch.—Strab.—
 Plut. Plac. Phil.—Iamb. de Myst. Egyp.

† They are very far advanced towards this high honour.

‡ Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt.

VIRGIL.

§ Now which of these truly learned and sagacious admirers it was that wrote the Doctor's life, I pretend not to determine. But his life is written among the public characters, and evidently by an admirer. As a composition, it is rather too good for the first on my list, and, I should hope, rather too bad for any of the rest. The Doctor's style is vilely caricatured in all its defects, an infallible consequence of stupid imitation. *This great stumb-*

But, mercy on us! who comes next
Half grinning, frowning, pleased, and vex;

ling-block is a climax, and now behold a climax which in any other work would have broken the writer's neck. "The riots in Birmingham, which happened in 1791, will be remembered by the latest posterity, not more for the numerous and diffusive mischiefs which they occasioned, than for the *meanness of spirit*"—very good—"blindness of rage"—very good again, hold up! "and intemperance of zeal"—O! lack a day!!!—"with which the mob attacked the peaceful abode of Dr. Priestley," &c. The shadow may have volunteered this life now, having been *appointed* or *retained* to write another hereafter. Let us hope, however, that the Doctor will live long enough "to do for him as much." This will be a new and desirable method to the world, of repaying his kind intentions. It will reward an humble and patient successor to Boswell, and ruin an ancient axiom for ever. The book of which I have spoken, the public characters, is a very useful national work. Like some of the Reviews and other periodical publications, it employs those who either could or would do nothing else. Numbers gain their bread honestly, no doubt, now, that might otherwise be very burdensome to their parishes, or dangerous in a moral and well-regulated bridewell. The reviews, and the work under our consideration, are conducted upon very different plans, and thus they become suitable to very different capacities. Some men are better qualified for flattery than abuse, some can write and spell a little, who do not like the trouble of reading at all, and who foolishly fancy that reading is necessary; and, lastly some, whose excessive stupidity would disqualify them for critics of any sort, possess abundant wisdom for biographers like these. This book excites our compassion, and it will be patronised by the humane. They will say to each of those who conduct it, like the good natured Lord Lafeu to Parolles, "Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat." But the book has other advantages besides these. It con-

With studied air, contracted brow,
 As if he cried "now! mind me now!?"
 Did ever awe-struck mortals eyes
 View one so great, or one so wise?
 So sharp in wit, in sense so sound,
 So quick, so bright, yet so profound?
 Did ever laughing mortal see
 One half so pleased with self as he?
 'Tis said that scarce a fortnight old,
 I only tell what I was told—
 With mimic gestures, varying faces,
 He studied attitudes and graces,
 And even then, that he would teach
 His nurse to rhyme, his doll to preach!

tains the lives of many, who, till now, were never known to have existed. It is of infinite service to such as are admired by none but themselves, and this is the case with ninety and nine men out of a hundred. We shall have the lives, most likely, of all those whom I am now celebrating, since they too, were it not for me, would be in a similar predicament. It is my business, however, if their ambition be not very immoderate, to save them the trouble of writing their own characters. The work is also exceedingly useful to those authors who fancy that others are not half so well qualified for this employment as themselves. See Mr. Pratt's Life, and two thirds of every Vol. Some, who were rather dissatisfied with the praises of their friends in a *first* life, have very obligingly consented to praise themselves in a second. See the second life of Miss Seward, 6th Vol. But allowances should be made for the vanities of a second life, when we reflect upon the weaknesses of a second childhood. And weakness would have served for an apology thirty years ago.

Since nature, practice, age, combine,
 Frown on, frown on a great divine !
 While prudence shelters — and you,
 A very little Greek will do :
 Let Greek alone ! and e'er you chatter
 On any other learned matter,
 Never forget this cautious plan,
 If not your subject, know your man.
 To brother parsons talk of war,
 Of fiddlesticks to Doctor — *Doyle*
 To beauties trace the roots of words,
 Prove Christianity to Lords,
 To clowns deal politics, and preach
 On all, but what he knows, to each !

With smiles you strive, yet strive in vain
 To heal the wound, or hide the pain ;
 In every twitch and jerk we see
 That green-eyed monster jealousy :
 Congratulation hails the host,
 And lo ! like murder'd Banquo's Ghost,
 In scorn, a little loathsome beast
 Usurps the stool, and mocks the feast !
 For envy plays us slippery tricks
 In smaller things than bishoprics :
 " Be great," exclaims the restless fagot,
 " A frog an ox—a mite a maggot ;"
 And thus she fires thy sapient pate
 To rival, not to imitate.
 But never mind ! the truly wise
 Can talk at least and moralize.

If reason guide us, if we look,
 What means a crosier but a crook ?
 And what is mitre, what is Lord,
 But name profane, but thing abhor'd ?
 So wisdom taught me—reader so
 *Teach Seneca and Cicero.
 And now to prove how much he wanted
 The consolation that I granted,
 Come leave with me the beaten road
 And listen to an episode.

* These great moralists instruct us to conquer envy by lessening the object envied, or the enjoyment of those whom we envy. If you see a rich man, say they, recollect his cares, and anticipate his losses. But this is encouraging as bad a passion as the one that it is intended to remove. It teaches us to rejoice in the calamities of another, and to consider ourselves as really unfortunate while our neighbour is happier. We must reduce his felicity before we can rest ! See on this subject the following authors whom I have now overthrown. Cicero—Seneca—Plat. Banq.—Hierocl. Com. in Carm. Aur. Pyth.—Hor. passim—Stob.—Ædip. Tyr.—Justin, B. 2.—Suid.

GUY'S PORRIDGE POT.

AN EPISODE.

ARGUMENT.

THE story—Portrait painting—The Doctor's picture. Lamentable consequences which it produced—Effects of envy—A dissertation on beards—their design—use—short catalogue of human calamities—The thrift and foresight of our ancestors—Improvident disposition and habits of the present age—The origin of swearing. Distressing situation in which the great man was involved by this very want of a beard—The soliloquy—The effects of grief—The poetical address of his melodious friend to him—The confession—Wings and herse, a simile—The artist comes—The picture—Quotation from *Propria quæ maribus*—Greatness of soul—Conclusion.

BOOK IV.

I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew.

SHAK.

A London artist came to take
Papa's sweet face for Misses sake,
And Miss, although she hates to sit,
Of course does what Papa thinks fit.
Thus youth with age, with sinner saint,
Throng round this mighty man of paint :
Hard is the task, and long the labour,
Where each looks fairer than her neighbour,
And wrinkled Squires, and virgin quizzes
Lay claim to sleek, arch, modern phyzzes !
Yea, long he labours, much he works
On men like maids, and maids like Turks !

The Doctor also—not that he
Looks either stiff or maidenly—
Was pleased to sit, and all declare
*The canvass breathes, they see him there.

* ———Βλέπω γὰρ αὐτήν. Τάχα, κηρὶ, καὶ λαλήσεις.

Alas ! it is in vain that I would exclaim with the same author

Στολίσον τὸ λοιπὸν αὐτὴν ὑποπορφύροις πέπλοις.

How much more frequently is this wish in the intermediate
enes gratified.

Διαφαινέτω δὲ σαρκῶν.

But ah ! when wretched — — heard
 His hand was raised to tear his beard—
 For he, poor man ! had read and knew
 What wisdom once was used to do !
 (Reader) “ To tear his beard ! and did he tear ? ”
 (Author) The beard escaped, for none was there.
 Fools that we are ! to soap and shave
 Those hairs indulgent nature gave,
 That beard she hung around the throat
 Of lordly man, and lordly goat !
 Now why in goats she placed it there,
 I neither say, nor know, nor care ;
 But men, since all are doomed to groan*
 With cares and sorrows of their own—
 She kindly meant to pull and scatter
 When vexed by any cross-grained matter,
 As hopeless courtship, blighted corn,
 Ricks fired, roosts robb’d, or aching horn—
 Aching while spiteful gossips gibe
 The wanderings of a wanton Rib—
 Streams overflowing, cattle drowned,
 Colts lamed, ewes cast, pigs put in pound †

* Diod. Sic.—Plat Banq.—Athæn. Kirch.—Orig. Com. Cel.—Strom. l. 5.—Jamb. de Myst.—Lucan.—Hierocl. Com. in Carm. Aur. Pyth.—Hes. de Sæcl. Aur. Orph.—Procl.—Plut. de Anim. Form.—Argon. apud Steph. edit. Fuegger.—Pocock Specim.

† The apt alliteration of Churchill is deplorable. There is a gap between every two words. Instead of an *aid* it is an impediment. Poor Tom Warton’s “ Clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,” is ten times worse. This exquisite specimen is sufficient to place the author above all his brethren. There is

And every wrong, and every ill
That vex'd them once, or vexes still.

Since grief will rage, our thrifty sires
Preserved their chins for floods and fires.
Thus armed against the worst of woes,
They tore their beards to save their clothes !
But now, forsooth, as if despair
Scorned such a brittle hold as hair—
Or else as if the barber's lather
Could take them both away together*—
The fearless, senseless, beardless fops,
Wear costly clothes, and close-clipt tops,
And for the sake of smother joles
Damn both their own and neighbour's souls !

No beard had he, his clothes were new,
But sorrow taught him what to do—
Like Hassan, thrice, the afflicted man
Sighed, smote his breast, and thus began !

“ Ah me forlorn ! shall crowds behold
In cassoc, band, and frame of gold,
The Doctor smiling from a wall,
Whilst I must never hang at all,
Or sus. per Coll. ! and shall he grace
The exhibition with his face,
Mine quite unknown ! though formed with care
Year after year, to figure there ? ”

something like fortune in the effusions of genius. To produce
this they were united. Critics may cavil, but that which excites
their malevolence, ensures my immortality.

* I spell this word as it should be spelt, because it mends the
rhyme.

He spake, and ended with a sigh—
 Go wretched man! ah! go and die!
 Grief filled the house, his wife related
 Not why, but how, he mourned to — *— Great*
 The poet flies with friendship's wings,
 And softly says, or sweetly sings,

“ Tell me restless, tell me why
 Sullen sorrow dims your eye,
 Care contracts your clouded brow
 Tell me sometime! tell me now,
 What misfortune thus can move,
 Broken friendship, faithless love?
 Wherefore suffer, as he flies,
 Time to number only sighs?”

*Won by the magic of the strain,
 He raised his head, and told his pain—
 But should it prove that thou canst see
 No magic in this poesy,
 Reader I let the secret loose
 He's less a swan than thou a goose.

But swan or not, away he flew,
 And told the painter what to do.
 Yea on those very wings which bore
 That mighty burden there before;
 The wings of friendship—not of verse,
 On those he travels like a herse,
 With vast solemnity and state
 When lifeless figures load his pate;

* Cic. de Con.—Cic. Ep.—Senec. passim.—Plat. Cratyl.—
 Hyde Rel. Ant. Pers.

But empty, both the herse and he
Move on with more celerity.

The artist came, the artist painted,
The men drew back ! the women fainted !
The children screamed ! the bats * gan wail !
The dogs clapt close the timid tail !
All looked with fear and wild amaze on
This "Gorgon, Icon, et Amazon !"
All but the wonderous man, and far
From him who rivals Doctor — *But*
Be childish hopes with form or dress,
And outward shows of comeliness,
To make the foolish world admire
Sleek-visaged charms, and rich attire !

In dread sublimity of snout
He fairly cut the Doctor out,
And all the other sons of men
From Fe Fo Fum to Saracen !

* Xenoph.—Arist. de Anim.—Cic. Frag.—Sal. Frag.—Arnob.

l. 2.—Grot. Mor.—Volt. Let.

GUY'S PORRIDGE POT.

ARGUMENT.

A VERY pretty invocation. A short and an uncommon character—A shorter, and a still more uncommon one—Ambitious Jack—his imitations and originality—Good advice from the author—The Della Cruscan Poet's absence accounted for—Another Episode began, and the fifth book concluded.

BOOK V.

“ Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !”

MACBETH.

COME! for ye know me, I am he
That scorns the tea-pot and the tea!
That wisely wishes, when he sings,
To tune his pipe with better things,
And that extol'd, in strains divine,
The wonderous powers of beer and wine!

Come! be ye maids or not, for why
Should poets talk of chastity?
Come! be ye fair, or black ye be,
For what the plague is that to me?
Like Venus come, or Mother Bunch,
Daughters of beer, and wine, and punch!
Let statesmen growl, and heroes bristle,
And let the wise man wet his whistle!

Church clock had struck, and, hot as fire,
The next that came was faithful — *Agree*
None hail'd in joy with greater glee,
None felt in sorrow more than he:
The feast he shared, and he would share
A fast, if grief had kept one there.

And, next to him, with rosy gills,
 Approached facetious, polished —
 A witty man, a wise one too,
 Who, knowing much, hid half he knew.
 Terrestrial Jack—thou man of earth!
 Though last, not least in weight and girth,
 From distant climes, the land of eating,
 Whipping, spurring, puffing, sweating;
 On foaming horse, with frantic haste
 Hail! king of suet! prince of paste!

Zeal eats thee up, and he will eat
 A strange variety of meat!
 Men feed on flesh, and beasts on grass,
 But zeal must have a taste for brass!

Ambitious Jack! if thou can'st speak
 Ten words, or more, of useless Greek;
 If thou can'st jabber right or wrong,
 In place or out, words ten feet long,
 If thou can'st lisp and sputter faster
 Than any man besides thy master:
 Then run the race which he has ran,
 And scorn to live like mortal man!
 Then wear no waistcoat if it reaches
 Within a foot above thy breeches—
 Let breeches fall, and waistcoat rise!
 Were braces made to bind the wise?
 How many travellers have shown
 That Zephyrs cool the torrid zone—
 So follow nature—where's the hurt
 In two or three square feet of shirt?

The Doctor stands before thy sight,
 And what he does or thinks is right.
 But ways there are in which we own
 Cool easy Jack proceeds alone :
 Why lisp thy scorn when ladies talk ?
 Why pick thy teeth with neighbour's fork ?
 Why clap thine elbow in his plate ?
 Why scrape thy nails, and scratch thy pate ?
 But still whate'er thy sense or breeding,
 Thy width of shirt, or depth of reading,
 Thy lisping Latin, loosened braces,
 Untoward tricks, and strange grimaces,
 Thou wilt do well, in one thing more,
 To follow him who walks before—
 For men, like sheep, must go astray,*
 Who follow any other way.
 Mock thou his heart, since all declare
 Nothing is very faulty there.
 So Jack came last, and no one waited
 The rap of Della Cruscan — — *from the*
 For, like Achilles, swoln with ire,
 He shun'd, as hell, the Doctor's fire,
 Nor deigned to choak or drown his wrath
 With beef and mutton, soup and broth !
 Thus, gentle reader, thus began
 The rage which burst this mighty man.
 Not quite so sad the tale which I do
 Tell, as Æneas told to Dido ;

* Arist. Met.—Plut.—Arist. de Anim.

Nor half as long a time I bore ye,

*So stretch your jaws to catch my story.

For idle chat or learned bother

One Doctor went to see another.

(2nd Doctor) "Pray stay and dine." (1st Doctor) "I dine at home."

(2nd Doctor) "The dishes cool! poo! nonsense! come."

(1st Doctor) "Lead on then! march!"—And so the sinner

Said grace, sat down, and eat his dinner:

As chance had snapt the horse's crupper,

He staid to tea, he staid to supper,

While drunken saddler fail'd to come

How could the Doctor journey home?

The brawn was fine, well boil'd the tripe,

Tobacco fresh, and clean the pipe,

So many causes all combined

To check his haste, and change his mind.

But they who are right hospitable

Give not alone a place at table,

The host and hostess therefore said

"Doctor you better take a bed:"

He thanks them both, and dare aver

That none can answer no to her.

He stays—the bed is soon prepared

The night-cap warmed—the sheets are air'd,

And you may tell, as if you'd seen,

How soon the Doctor slipt between.

* Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant. VIRGIL.

My readers may depend upon the authenticity of this story in all its parts.

GUY'S PORRIDGE POT.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER a display of no common learning, the narrative continued. The Doctor's extraordinary escape—Reflections and soliloquy—He moralises in vain—a proof of it.—The effects of his example on Somnus—The soliloquy related to the Della Cruscan Poet—and thus the Della Cruscan Poet's absence accounted for—A very old simile but a very good one—quite original in its application.—The author shews some astronomical knowledge—The Della Cruscan Poet's accomplishments—The surprising perverseness of many people during the representation of his tragedy, accounted for.

BOOK VI.

“ Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn ; and cauldron bubble !
Cool it with a Baboon’s blood,
Then the charm is firm and good !”

MACBETH.

MOST gentle reader ! prithee pardon
The wanderings of thy humble bard, on
So very high a theme as this is—
Who hears not, knows not what he misses.

We go a journey, and the roads
Are cross’d, not stopp’d, by Episodes.
If grave Quintilian somewhere teaches
How books resemble people’s breeches,
In this that breeches were designed
To shew the shape, as books the mind—
And thence infers, when hanging loose,
The more the stuff, the less the use.
Would he in buck-skin case confine us ?
*Or if he would, would grave Longinus ?
Who rides on Pegasus, may ride
With him and Homer by his side
Both fast and slow, both far and wide. }
A man’s a noodle if he aims
To square his work by rules from Kaims,

* Tollius Long.—Faber et Dacierus—Manutius—Boileau.

A man's a blockhead that would throttle
His muse for sake of Aristotle.

If not more gentle than discerning
Reader, by this, you see my learning—
That fairly known and duly rated,
I turn again to five and — — four

Now whether too much tripe or brawn,
Or frightful dreams of fleeting lawn—
Whatever caused, the Doctor fled
*But just in time to save his bed.

Perchance of what might hap aware,
Before he bent his knees in prayer, }
He sought and found a seat-less chair. }
So well contrived, one less discerning,
Less used than he to midnight learning;
I say an uninstructed mind
Might never know for what designed.

Now was his time to bless the care
Of those whose caution placed it there;
He sits not thanklessly — lo! he
Is heard in this soliloquy!

“ But just in time—scarce that I fear—
'Twas well I knew the corner where—
Man, wretched man! by dangers warned,
May learn to prize what late he scorned!
How short his views! how often fated
To wish for what he scorned or hated!

* The Doctor had better fortune on this occasion than he is
said to have had on others.

Though critics spurn, and children mock it—

O! were the Regent in my pocket!

What would one page be worth to me

Of Della Cruscan poetry!

And was, forsooth, their only use

To light a candle, singe a goose,

Or curl the long lank hair of Molly?

Wise men may live to curse their folly!

I never dreamt, till doomed to lose them,

This was the properest way to use them!

Thou chattering, pompous, empty-pated,

Half-reasoning, rhyming, prosing — —

I'll bait thee as thou should'st be baited!"

He searched his pockets o'er again,

But moralized and searched in vain!

In vain alas! for this is certain

That Doctor used the other's curtain.

'Tis said—and I believe the tale,

That Somnus, stuffed with tripe and ale,

Cried "ho! my boots! the grey must gallop—

A sixpence for an ounce of jalap!"

How strong in man is lust of fame,

He goes to bed, and does the same!

But to return—enough is stated

To shew why Della Cruscan — —

Who heard of all the Doctor said

*From vexed and listening chamber-maid.

* Who related it also to me: and her authority is as good as

a Muse's: not to say better,

The ranting Regent's wrongs resented,
 "Et concione se" absented.

Most people know that planets run
 For light and heat around the sun :
 (Alas! how plain it is to see
 As many know my simile !
 I must go on since I began it)
 And little worlds attend a planet :
 Far off indeed, tho' nearest, far,
 His beams came straight from Doctor — *Par.*
 Now some astronomers have found
 The nearest planet turns not round,
 While one side roasts, they boldly tax his
 Unequal light for want of axis :
 But to apply what they remark,
 There may be moons though in the dark ;
 And pictured Gorgon's pretty son
 Is just exactly such an one !

This Mercury can write and speak
 Italian, German, French, and (Reader) "Greek !" *Par.*
 (Author) Greek ! who said Greek ? did I put that in ?
 No, Sir, he scorns both Greek and Latin !
 But to make up, there is none better
 *At senses, organs, and at meta-
 Physics in every different branch
 From Aristotle to Malbranche !
 He dwells on Hume and Hobbs and Clarke,
 Till clear grows dim, and light grows dark.

* Abrah. Roger. of Rel. Bram.—Cabbal. Diss. 8 Rittang.

In spite of Reid, or any other,
 He can convince by dint of bother
 Whatever silly men suppose
 Though pinch'd and pull'd that no one knows }
 Whether he have or not a nose.

But not confined to reason, he
 Indulged his vein for poetry.
 Shakspeare his model, and as like
 As sign-post painter to Vandyke.
 Though blushing Siddons kindly strain'd
 To save the play, and serve her friend—
 It happened most surprisingly
 That folk would laugh, when folk should cry!
 But wonder ceases when I tell ye
 His Regent has got Falstaff's belly.
 Sometimes in verse, sometimes in prose,
 *He stamps, he raves, he sweats, he blows,
 And nothing surely can be worse
 Than verse half prose, but prose half verse!

And now I lay the bellows by
 Mysterious vase of mighty Guy!
 †But soon their panting lungs shall strain
 To make thee smoke and boil again!‡

* ——— “*professus grandia turget.*”

Hor. de Art. Poet.

† “*Verum ita risores, ita commendare dicaces
 Conveniet Satyros—ita vertere seria ludo.*”

Hor. de Art. Poet.

‡ And now, gentle Reader, I take my leave of you for the present. When we meet again, I will relate the remainder of

my story. It is full of the most surprising matter; but I was impatient to make you acquainted with so many illustrious characters first. Having effected that, I shall communicate the rest—not only all they did, but all they said. In the mean time let me invite you to study diligently that which is in your hands. You are as yet only in the porch of this magnificent edifice which I am erecting to learning: but every other part, yea even to the closets and chambers, shall be thrown open. With all due humility, I earnestly and modestly believe that there is no one better calculated for your guide than myself. Is there any man who possesses either more fancy or more learning? I can let you into the secrets of literature better than most other persons, because I am far more candid, and thoroughly acquainted with them. I can tell you things of wise and learned men, and of men who are neither wise nor learned, which will harrow up your very soul, and make their bristles “like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

For the present, most gentle Reader,

FAREWELL.

CORRIGENDA.

- Page 4. l. 14. for regret, read reject.
 — 7. Note. Spital Sermon.
 — 11. l. 18. for hasty, read nasty.
 — 36. l. 13. *The* studious, &c. read *He* studious.
 — 38. l. 9. Dim scarf or shovel *that*, read or shovel *hat*.
 — — Note. *This* great stumbling, &c. read *His* great, &c.
 — 45. Note. for *αυτην* read *αυτον*.
 — 46. Note. Poor Tom Warton's "*Due* clock swinging slow
 with sweepy sway."
 — 49. l. 5. ——— the *bats* 'gan wail! read the *cats* 'gan wail.
 — 54. l. 5. Terrestrial Jack, a new character, after a break.
 — 59. l. 2. Dele comma after hard.

The Greek quotations, and the references to different authors, will serve as a charming exercise for my learned and critical readers. I am not the only great man who writes an almost illegible hand, or who is too lazy to correct the blunders which it has occasioned. These references are misplaced, and these quotations are misprinted, through my negligence alone. The learned may discover and amend them; and the unlearned may depend upon this assurance, in imitation of Steele, that where any thing is unintelligible it is witty.

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